Millennial Star

FORCES NUMBER

Vol. 105. No. 8. Thursday, March 4, 1943

POETRY

A SOLDIER'S POEM

Stay with me, God. The night is dark.
The night is cold: my little spark
Of courage dims. The night is long.
Be with me, God, and make me strong.

I love a game, I love a fight,
I hate the dark; I love the light,
I love my child: I love my wife . . .
I am no coward. . . . I love life. . . .

Life with its change of mood and shade,
I want to live. I'm not afraid,
But me and mine are hard to part,
Oh Unknown God, lift up my heart!

You stilled the waters at Dunkirk
And saved your servants, all your work
Is wonderful. Dear God, You strode
Before us down that dreadful road.

We were alone, and hope had fled,
We loved our country and our dead
And could not shame them; so we stayed
The course, and were not much afraid.

Dear God, that nightmare road! And then
That sea! We got there—we were men,
My eyes were blind, my feet were torn—
My soul sang like a bird at dawn!

I knew that death is but a door;
I knew what we were fighting for—
Peace for the kids, our brothers freed,
A kinder world, a cleaner breed.

I'm but the son my mother bore,
A simple man, and nothing more,
But—God of strength and gentleness—
Be pleased to make me nothing less!

Help me again when death is near,
To mock the haggard face of fear,
Then when I fall, if fall I must,
My soul may triumph in the dust!

("The People," 8:11:42.)

THOUGHT FOR THE WEEK:

The worst of all knaves are those who can mimic their former honesty.

THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS'

MILLENNIAL STAR

ESTABLISHED IN 1840

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Behold, we have not come out to battle against you that we might shed your blood for power; neither do we desire to bring any one to the yoke of bondage. But this is the very cause for which ye have come against us; yea, and ye are angry with us because of our religion.

—Book of Mormon, Alma 44:2.

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ALL MAY HAVE POWER TO OVERCOME

Some men excuse themselves for their sins because of the weaknesses of the flesh and the enticings of others, but the Lord will give strength to any man who will seek Him so that he may have power to overcome the world. James says: "Every man is tempted when he is drawn away of his own lusts, and enticed. Then when lust hath conceived, it bringeth forth sin: and sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death."

—Joseph F. Smith.

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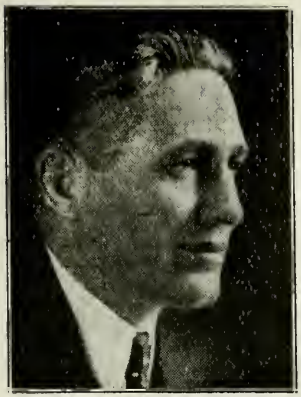
THIS WEEK'S COVER:

Many were the public offices which the Prophet Joseph Smith held during his short but eventful life. Not least of these was his position as Lieutenant-General of the Nauvoo Legion, at that time the largest and most efficient body of troops outside the United States Militia.

The picture of the Prophet Joseph Smith in uniform is an impression by Elder Alvin L. Gittins—a gifted art student and a promising portrait painter.—Ed.



President Brown

THE CITADEL WITHIN

By Major Hugh B. Brown,

Co-ordinator of Latter-day Saint Men in the Services.

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THEY who served in the last war, though now unable to participate in combative units, are among the most interested of the spectators who watch from the side lines. They note the new and improved mechanised equipment as well as the revolutionary strategy and tactics employed. They would not attempt to give military advice, for the folly of applying the rules of 1917 to the operations of 1942 has cost thousands of lives and humiliating reverses.

However, there are some constants in life which remain fixed whether one is in military or civilian activity and regardless of age. Of these we should speak, for the experience of the past belongs to the present.

Rather than address the youth of 1942, let the man of to-day talk to himself as one of the soldiers of 1917. Let him attempt, through his own eyes twenty-five years later, to see the road ahead of that young soldier. He might say something like this:

You, young man, have answered the call of your country. You offer to her your time, your talents, your strength—your life. How well equipped are you as you present yourself for this service? What do you bring to the task and what do you propose to take out of it? You have passed your physical tests, but what of your intangible internal fitness?

First, there must be undeviating loyalty. Your country is in war. She has called for your help. She is faced by cruel and cunning foes who seek her destruction. You will not give less than wholehearted, enthusiastic support to the national effort. While your right to free speech is one of the things for which you fight, your intelligence will regulate the exercise of that right. You'll listen more and talk less.

You will obey orders, submit to discipline, become a part of a great military organisation—how important a part is largely up to you.

Into this new experience you bring yourself—your physical, mental, moral, spiritual self. You bring also your ideals, principles, aspirations, hopes. You bring all these into a new and strange environment where there will be terrific impacts. To some the environment will be used as an excuse for weakness, for abandoning their course of life and yielding to the down-drag of a murky current. Others will see in it a challenge to their strength and will face that challenge as manfully as they will face the foe on the battlefield, realising that to yield here is as cowardly and infamous as to be untrue or traitor-

ous when entrusted with a military assignment.

If you would give your best to your country, you must maintain your highest standards and ideals. You will bring out of the struggle a stronger man or a weaker one according to the fidelity with which you guard the citadel of your inner self.

You find yourself in uniform, one of millions, and may feel that your identity has been lost, that you are just a number, or perhaps a cipher. You will be tempted to become a fatalist and adopt a "don't care for consequences" attitude. Every day's work will be outlined, every effort regimented. You will listen to shouted commands and curt orders, and will find your freedom restricted as never before. You will be inclined to feel that you are no longer the master of your fate, and will wonder if you are wholly subject to the whims and caprice of chance.

You must resist this inclination to lower your guard. In spite of the complete regimentation of your life and the interruption of your plans by this sudden reversal of things, you must hold on to the truth that you are still, in large measure, the master of your fate. Keep faith in yourself, in your destiny; keep your hand upon the controls of your life. You are still in command of your own spirit.

Do not believe that some bomb or shell has your number on it and that it will get you regardless of what you do or refrain from doing, for with this thought too often goes the query, "What difference does it make what I think or say or do? Why not 'eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die'?" You shall not die to-morrow! You shall live. Most of the men who go to war live to return home. No shell has your number on it. No bullet is marked for you. Most of them are marked: "To whom it may concern," and most of them are wasted. Live, then, each day as if you were confident of returning to your home and loved ones, and let that thought light your pathway and colour your conduct.

Having decided to keep control of your course of life you must make decisions daily. You must choose, elect, decide. Each decision implies a knowledge of values. Your good sense would not allow you to pay ten thousand dollars for a Model "T" Ford. Your pride will not permit you to be cheated if you know it. Before you close any deal you will count the cost. If you are sure the thing offered is worth the price, if you are sure you will be satisfied with your bargain next month, next year and always, then take the offer. But be very sure you are not being deceived by the vendor. The first payment may bear little relation to the final cost. Often men go on paying long after the item is worn out and useless or has become hateful and abhorrent.

I need not remind you that you must pay for what you get, that you must reap what you sow, that the law of the harvest is inexorable, that the temporary gratification of an appetite, though it may amount to ecstasy, must not be the criterion of value.

In business we sometimes write off bad deals and forget them, but many of life's bargains are for time and eternity. Many of them must be paid for on the instalment plan, and as you go on paying through the years you will experience pride and gratitude or sorrow and shame, depending upon the wisdom of your choice.

You will be tempted to consider some of the prohibitions with which you have become familiar at home as old-fashioned and out of focus with modern times. You will be told that to continue to observe the standards of conduct which have guided your life thus

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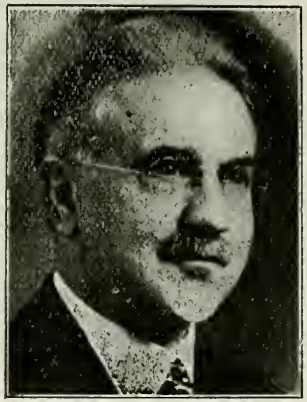

John A. Widtsoe

SHOULD A SOLDIER LOVE HIS ENEMY

By Dr. John A. Widtsoe.
Of the Council of the Twelve.

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THE divinely revealed preface to the Doctrine and Covenants makes the statement that " I the Lord cannot look upon sin with the least degree of allowance." (1:31) (See also Alma 45:16).

The nature of sin justifies this unrelenting, final judgment. Sin is untruth, and the misuse of truth. It violates law, the essence of truth. It decries freedom, and fosters tyranny. It deceives and lies. It destroys, but never builds up except for more destruction. It slinks away from light and lurks in darkness. It is in deliberate opposition to the Lord's plan for human progress. Sin is the mark of Satan.

The wide spectrum of sin, laid against a background of selfishness, is everywhere evil. It extends from wilful ignorance to the use of knowledge for unholy purposes; from dishonesty in speech to deliberate murder; from family and neighbourhood contentions to warfare among nations. Every part of it corrodes, annihilates, is death-dealing. Every part of it, if uncovered, is hideous and found to beckon from slimy, poisonous depths.

Sin cannot be shown love or mercy, however meek and beguiling it may present itself. It cannot be condoned. Were that done the structure of truth would collapse. The battle of the Church is against sin of every kind; it must be conquered, or the plan of salvation will be defeated; it must be fought to the bitter end. Tolerance of sin is itself a sin.

All human affairs must be measured by the standards of right. If evil is in man's acts, it becomes a sin to suport them. The statue totters and falls if clay is mixed with the iron of the feet. The strength of a democracy, more than any other form of government, lies in its adherence to the principles of the plan of salvation.

A war can be called just, only when waged against sin and for the victory of truth; when it battles for the preservation of the principles which make up the plan of salvation, then warfare is righteous. If it is waged to defeat the attempt to enslave men under tyrannical rule, it becomes a war against sin. Such a war should be supported by all who love right above wrong; by all who adhere to the right of free agency, for which the heavenly battle was fought, long ago.

If it be desired to test the righteousness of a war, compare the issues with those of the divinely formulated plan for human happiness. No other test is needed. The standards are all there.

In such a spirit, with such understanding, the soldiers who go out from this Church must go into battle. They are fighting sin; they are fighting for truth; no quarter

can be shown the opposing side. The soldiers of the enemy, whether willing or not, represent a sinful, destructive cause. They must be defeated at any cost, even that of their lives. Sin cannot be looked upon "with the least degree of allowance." The opposing army must be viewed as a cause, not as a group of men.

The cause must be uppermost. The individual must recede in importance, until the cause for betterment has triumphed. Soldiers of a righteous cause, whether the warfare be great or small, must fix their attention upon that cause, and with determination fight for it. The fate of the enemy as individuals must be set aside in the battle for principle. If right wins, as it must and will, the enemy and all humanity will be blessed.

In sacred history war has often been permitted, to establish the cause of righteousness, or to prevent evil from triumphing among men. Even the Saviour, when the temple of God, "a house of prayer," had been made into "a den of thieves," overthrew the tables of the money changers and the merchants, and drove out all who were violating the holy purposes of the temple. The cause of righteousness must be man's first and constant consideration.

Nevertheless, though sin can be given no quarter, nor those who seek to impose sin upon others, yet the soldier must recognise that the sinner, as an individual, remains a child of God, subject to repentance and the Lord's eternal mercy. Since he represents a sinful cause, it may be necessary to use against him the only weapons he recognises, even though it means his destruction. The coin of Caesar is his; we must render it to him to win the Lord's cause. Yet we may hope and pray that on the endless, eternal journey, he may find his way to salvation.

Love is the first activating force of the gospel. For love of His children the Lord laid out the plan of salvation. It was love for humanity that gave the Saviour courage to meet His death upon the cross. It is through love, one for the other, among the children of men, that the brotherhood of man, the aim of the gospel, will arise upon earth. Through love, right will triumph over evil. But it should ever be borne in mind that love is defeated, unless righteousness is victorious.

Therefore, the love of truth, the gospel, to bless all mankind, must transcend the love of an individual or a group. Usually, the best way to love our enemies is to keep truth from being trodden into the ground by those who are led by evil, designing leaders. Make truth and right triumphant, and love will bear rule among men. There is no other way.

All need to learn that love, as all other virtues, must be exercised with wisdom and in a common-sense manner. Hysteria and emotional outbursts, often for criminals, are not expressions of love, but of diseased conceptions of the right manner of loving our fellow men.

The banner of love will ever be held aloft by the Church. The soldier can and should love his enemy, but not in the sense that he forgets the greater love of the cause by which in the end the enemy and all others will be blessed. J. A. W.

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God is that character of events to which man must adjust himself in order to attain the greatest goods and avoid the greatest ills.—Wieman.

Dr. Bennion—

To The Youth Of The Church

THE KINGDOM OF GOD IS WITHIN YOU

ON one occasion when the Pharisees were asking Jesus when the kingdom of God would come—you see they were relying upon someone to bring it to them—Jesus replied that people would not then say, "Lo here! or, lo there! for, behold, the kingdom of God is within you."

In the Sermon on the Mount, Jesus also said:

"Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal. But lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through and steal."

Heaven, like the kingdom of God, is not only a place but a condition of the soul. . . .. Heaven can and should be experienced here and now in this life. Our surest guarantee that we shall enjoy heaven hereafter, lies in our attaining much of it here.

There are things which we can store up in our lives right now which make life good and sweet to us and which will be preserved in us eternally. There are also things which we have and seek which moths do corrupt and which thieves break through and steal. Let us consider this latter group first. What do they include? The answer is simple—all things external to us, things beyond our control. An accident can disfigure the face or cripple the body; illness can mar the complexion or turn the hair prematurely grey. Friends can withdraw their friendship from us. Employers can fire us from positions. Men can foreclose the mortgages on our homes or fire can burn them. A bank account and investments can be lost during periods of economic depression. Death may rob us of a loved one. A thoughtless friend or acquaintance may injure our reputation.

What are the treasures of life which moths cannot corrupt and thieves break through and steal—unless we let them? The answer is again quite simple—all those things within us. The inner life of thought and feeling, of mind and heart, of memory and aspiration—our knowledge, loves, appreciations, memories, hopes, ideals—is quite beyond the reach of the destructive forces of life. Of course, it is influenced by the things about us, but it can shape this external world too. Goethe, the great German poet, said, "One sees what one carries in one's heart."

Yes, life is within us. The thoughts we think, the feelings we cherish, our loves, our hopes, our memories, our imagination, make up life. It is there that life is most real and most significant. These are the things which give meaning to our lives now and which will go with us into life hereafter.

CHILDREN'S STORY

HOW WIDOW SMITH FOUND HER OXEN

By Joseph F. Smith.

IN the fall of 1847 I accompanied my Mother and her brother, Joseph Fielding, on a trip down the Missouri River to St. Joseph, to obtain provisions and clothing for our journey across the plains the following Spring. The weather made the journey a very trying and unpleasant one. At St. Joseph we purchased our groceries and dry goods, and at Savannah we laid in our store of flour, corn, bacon and other provisions.

Returning to Winter Quarters, we camped one evening in an open prairie on the Missouri River bottoms, by the side of a small creek, where we were in plain sight of the river. Camping nearby, on the other side of the creek were some men with a herd of beef cattle, which they were driving to Savannah and St. Joseph for market. We usually unyoked our oxen and turned them loose to feed during our encampments at night, but this time, on account of the presence of this other herd of cattle, fearing they might get mixed up and driven off with them, we turned our oxen out to feed in their yokes.

Next morning when we came to look for them, to our great disappointment our best yoke of oxen was not to be found. Uncle Fielding and I spent well nigh until noon searching for them, but with no avail. The grass was tall, and in the morning was wet with heavy dew. Tramping through the grass, and through the woods and over the bluffs, we were soaked to the skin, fatigued, disheartened and almost exhausted. In this pitiable plight we returned to the wagons, to find my Mother kneeling down in prayer. I drew near enough to hear her plead with the Lord not to leave us in this helpless condition, but to lead us to recover our lost oxen, that we might continue our journey in safety. When she arose from her knees I saw on her precious face a lovely smile, which gave me renewed hope and assurance I had not felt before. My Uncle Fielding said, "Well, Mary, the cattle are gone!" Mother replied in a voice which fairly rang with cheerfulness, "Never mind, your breakfast has been waiting for hours, and now, while you and Joseph are eating, I will take a walk and see if I can find the cattle." My uncle was amazed. "Why, Mary," he exclaimed, "what do you mean? We have been all over this country and through the other herd of cattle, and our oxen are gone! I believe they have been driven off. It is useless for you to attempt to hunt for them."

"Never mind me," said Mother, "Get your breakfast and I will see," and she started towards the river. The man in charge of the herd of beef cattle rode up from the opposite side of the creek and called out, "Madam, I saw your oxen over yonder in that direction this morning about daybreak," pointing in the opposite direction from that in which Mother was going, but Mother went right on, paying no attention to his remark. A moment later the man rode off towards his herd, which had been

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The Latter-Day Saints' "Millennial Star"

THURSDAY, MARCH 4, 1943

"Let the British Mission go forth that the prophecies of its growth and increase may be fulfilled."

EDITORIAL

DISCIPLES OF THE LATTER DAYS

With the restoration of the Church of Jesus Christ in this the last Dispensation of the Fulness of Times, the missionaries—Elders, Seventies, Apostles—have been instrumental in spreading the Message of the Restored Gospel throughout almost all the countries of the earth. For by revelation and command of the Lord has this great work of the last days been established. "Verily the voice of the Lord is unto all men, and there is none to escape: and there is no eye that shall not see, neither ear that shall not hear, neither heart that shall not be penetrated. And the voice of warning shall be unto all people, by the mouths of my disciples, whom I have chosen in these last days. And they shall go forth and none shall stay them, for I the Lord have commanded them." (D. & C. 1: 2, 4, 5.)

The divinity of the Church is revealed in this command of the Lord given to Joseph Smith the Prophet on November 1, 1831, and historically proved. Kings and Presidents. Principalities and rulers, have been warned: millions have heard the missionaries preach the Restoration of the Church and Kingdom of God; thousands upon thousands have accepted their message and have been baptised His voice is unto all men and none shall escape, not an eye that shall fail to see the mighty work of this Church, not a heart that shall not be touched. Rebellious shall be pierced with much sorrow for refusing to hear the message of the disciples of this Church.

How impotent is the hand of man to frustrate this mighty work and a wonder of the last days. Like a mighty cataract, this Church shall roll forth and her teachings, her saving ordinances, her blessings and gifts shall be as healing balm to the distraught nations of the earth. Wherever the Latter-day Message is accepted there comes peace, comfort, material succour, love and joy to the hearts of the faithful. A ministry of 300,000 disciples of the Lord, holding the authority and divine Priesthood to act in His name, going forth into the world without material reward, without compensation for services rendered is a "Marvellous Work and a Wonder."

What a supreme calling, what a privilege and a blessing to be a missionary of the Lord; to act under His direct authority; to bless, comfort and sustain the weak, the needy, the oppressed.

Absurd as it may sound to some learned men of the world, the solution to many urgent problems that beset every nation to-day is in the hands of the ordained Priesthood and Missionaries of this Church. Blest will be the nation or the Government of that nation who

will seek the counsel and advice of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints to help them in their manifold difficulties which are beyond their control.

The day will come, and come soon, when one nation after another will at last recognise the power and authority of the Theocratic form of government of this Church, to pattern after it and to accept the divine guidance and principle upon which it is built.

Latter-day disciples, how great is your opportunity, how sacred your calling, to what a great extent the destiny of this world depends upon you!

THE PURE IN HEART SHALL BE SAFE

To our boys from America, Canada and the Dominions, who are over here on a common errand with our own to destroy the power of the oppressor of the peoples of Europe and restore the life and being of the enslaved nations, a word of encouragement is due.

We realise your hardships, difficulties, your sufferings, we share with you the tragedies of men. We are a part of the great maelstrom in which we are engulfed and wherein we must continue to struggle until the day of deliverance comes.

In our present condition we are sustained by the word of the Lord as to what the future holds in store for us. And the future is bright, for not many years hence we shall see the end of our sufferings. The Zion in the top of the mountains, the new Jerusalem, foreseen and predicted by the prophets of God, is being established even now. It shall be a "land of peace, a city of refuge, a place of safety for the saints of the Most High God; and the glory of the Lord shall be there; and the terror of the Lord shall also be there, insomuch that the wicked shall not come unto it, and it shall be called Zion."

Out of every nation will be gathered there those who will accept the Light and Truth of the Restored Gospel that we hold so dear to our hearts. Oh how we shall rejoice because of the peace and safety that will be ours. The righteous, the elect of God, will be gathered there, and they shall be the only people who shall not be at war one with another. Zion will be a place of refuge for the righteous only. No end of political influence, no riches of the world, no amount of personal power will secure the refuge and safety for those who will desire it most avidly. What will then secure the entrance into that future haven of peace? He that is righteous, he that has made a covenant with the Lord through faith, repentance, baptism and good works shall come to Zion.

"Blessed are they whose feet stand upon the land of Zion."

"Verily, thus saith the Lord, let Zion rejoice, for this is Zion—the pure in heart." (D. & C. 97:21.) So, brother-soldier or sister combatant remember the Lord and your covenant with Him. Be wise, be prudent, be true to yourself and your God. You shall enter Zion if you are "PURE IN HEART."

A. K. A.

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THE ENEMY OF TRUTH IS ALWAYS ARRAYED AGAINST THIS WORK

"From the day that the Prophet Joseph Smith first declared his vision until now, the enemy of all righteousness, the enemy of truth, of virtue, of honour, uprightness, and purity of life, the enemy of the only true God, the enemy to direct revelation from the heavens to man has been arrayed against this work."—President Joseph F. Smith.

Sam Brannan

Continuing Our Serialised Story

By Paul Bailey

AT the age of twenty-seven, Samuel Brannan was a dashingly handsome figure. His dress was impeccably dandified. His near six-foot physique and tireless energy were heritage from sturdy seafaring ancestors and the bleak coast of Maine which cradled him. His hair was black, his eyes dark and flashing, his voice full of imperious thunder. He walked the sagging decks of the old Brooklyn like a king—demanding instant obedience from that band of Mormon pilgrims who had plighted their lives to ocean hazard and looked to him for guidance.

Despite his tendency toward pomposity and self-exaltation, Brannan had leadership qualities which, if rightly used, could have assured success for the undertaking. He was shrewd, attentive to detail, and possessed of courage and vision in a degree given few men. In stocking the hold of the Brooklyn he chose supplies and equipment calculated to meet any emergency which might arise in pioneering a new commonwealth. In 1848 the coasts of California were but vaguely known to the American people, and rarely touched by ships plying the Pacific. In the China trade, Honolulu was the Pacific port of call rather than any of the squalid seacoast villages of California. Occasionally American merchantmen touched at Yerba Buena, San Pedro, or San Diego, but their only hope for a cargo was an occasional load of dried beef hides.

In that land of imponderables Samuel Brannan hoped to plant a Mormon colony. He seemed convinced that Brigham Young would lead the Saints through to California—a belief difficult to reconcile with the great leader's public utterances and writings at that time. He expected to arrive first in this new land. His responsibility, he considered, was to make ready a place where weary Saints who travelled overland might find rest and surcease from the trail.

So into the hold of the Brooklyn had gone agricultural and mechanical implements for eight hundred men: scythes, ploughs, hoes, forks, shovels, plough-irons, nails, glass; blacksmith, carpenter and millwright tools; equipment for three grain mills; turning lathes and sawmill irons; printing equipment and two years' supply of paper. There were such staples as brass, copper, tin and crockeryware, dry goods, and an immense supply of school books and slates. Two milch cows, forty pigs, and crates of fowls were loaded aboard to make certain Zion had an agricultural start. And the cows, milked on deck, provided a fresh and nourishing diet for the Brooklyn's infant passengers. A case or two of smooth-bore muskets were carefully hidden between decks, and the ship had been provisioned for a six months' voyage. To prepare meals, a negro cook and a negro steward had been hired for sixteen and eighteen dollars a month, respectively.

Throughout the weeks preceding the voyage a crew of carpenters

had transformed the decrepit old merchantman into something vaguely resembling a packet. Lower deck and a portion of the evil-smelling hold had been converted into tiny cabins and bunks, with one large room provided for religious services and mess hall. These quarters were ill-ventilated, insanitary, and almost wholly devoid of light.

As the ship headed out into the Atlantic, the Saints were not long in discovering other discomforts—from which there would be no relief for months to come. Not the least of these was a lack of headroom below deck. So low were the ceilings that only a dwarf could stand erect. For a person of normal stature to move about, it was necessary to crouch monkey-fashion.

Elder Brannan chose staterooms alongside Captain Richardson in the ship's officers' quarters. For a few days he democratically took meals with the passengers in the mess hall. But the infernal clatter of tin plates, the howling, seasick babies, and the bilgy smell quickly offended his fastidious sensibilities. For the remainder of the voyage he dined at the captain's table—and there were whispers among those less fortunate.

Before leaving New York he'd drawn up an elaborate code of conduct, to which he now insisted the Saints adhere. Affairs were to be guided by a set of twenty-one rules which covered everything from insubordination to Sabbath observance. To complete his presidency he chose two counsellors, E. Ward Pell and Isaac Robbins. He appointed assistants and table waiters, and divided the seventy men aboard into "watches" to keep twenty-four-hour guard on person and property. He was punctilious in his demands for proper religious devotion. Prayers were to be held every evening—on deck when weather was fair, in the mess hall when cold or storms made the deck untenable. Attendance was obligatory. The Sabbath was a day of rest and praise, during which the young elder loudly exhorted them to "a true sense of duty."

This elaborate scheme of government and discipline had scarcely begun before it was broken into by ruthless and unheeding weather elements. In less than a week after swinging into the Atlantic from Sandy Hook, the vessel was clutched in the grip of a storm which brought consternation and terror to the huddled Saints "below." The howling gale which descended in the vicinity of the horse latitudes came very nearly ending the audacious venture once and for all. Four days and four nights the little vessel was at the mercy of the storm. The "passenger deck" of the pitching ship became an appalling sight. Pots, pans, luggage, and tables were thrown about in clattering melee. The Saints, most of them New England farmers and mechanics, and totally unused to rigours of the sea, were prey to sickness doubly aggravated by the violence of the storm.

While the helpless vessel was blown ever nearer the treacherous coast line of the Cape Verde Islands, Samuel Brannan fought panic. "Sing!" he'd bellow. "Sing all!" And through those awful days and nights, the Saints sang down the howl of the winds and the roar of the waves which crashed the deck above their heads. With retching stomachs, with trembling fear, they clung to pitching benches to lift brave voices in "The Spirit of God," and "We Are Going to California."

There was one occasion when even the grizzled Captain Richardson became convinced all was lost. Going below to inform his Mormon charges they might as well prepare

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(Continued from page 131)

far is to admit a lack of maturity, is evidence of childishness. A slight deviation from the line of conduct which you have believed to be right may be called trivial and of little consequence. Looking back from 1942, we can see that the point of departure from the highway of conduct marked the beginning of a detour for some which took them far from the goal for which they so courageously set out.

When an airman is taught to fly on a wireless beam he will not be tempted to go it blind by some promise of thrills or new adventure. He knows that there is only one course to follow if he would be safe, and looks upon him as an enemy who would seek to divert his course and lure him away from the beam which is his safety. Fly the beam, pilot, for the headquarters from which it comes will guide you safely to a happy landing.

In this new adventure you will need courage, not only courage to meet the enemy who is visible, but also courage to meet and vanquish enemies more subtle and more persistent, more insidious and more deadly, and of these I warn you. Have courage, then, to make your choice, and then pray for stamina to stand by that choice. He who loses courage will not long defend the other virtues.

You who started your life structure on the foundation of the Ten Commandments and the Beatitudes, may be somewhat bewildered as in this awful business of war you are taught how to kill. The very cornerstone of your moral structure is respect for the lives and rights of others, and when you see the word "not" stricken from the injunction "Thou shalt not kill," you may find difficulty in attempting to uphold any of the other moral standards. Remember this: the arch enemy of life has set out to destroy the human family, has enlisted human agents to assist in his purpose. That purpose must be resisted. Force must be employed to conquer force. But through it all you must not forget your obligation to your fellow men, your relationship to them. They are all sons of God. Hate must not get into your heart. You must not be degraded by the business at hand. You must remember that you are going to return home, become a part of civilised society, build a home, and rear a family. You must remember that twenty-five years hence you may have sons. Above all else you will, at that time, be grateful to God if they can safely follow in your footsteps.

Yes, young man, you are going off to war, and it's up to you whether you win it or lose it. Regardless of the outcome between the nations, you yourself have a battle to fight, and all who know and love you believe you're going to win it. They know you will not let them down. They who connect your name with the name of God each day have confidence in your quality, in your integrity, in your fidelity, your purity of thought and purpose, your loyalty to your country. They know you will be true to yourself and to them with God's help. Keep your hand in His, and may you have the wisdom and the courage to follow.

And so I salute you, youth of 1917, as the father of the man of 1942—together let us try to help the youth of today to march fearlessly on toward 1967 when they

may look back through twenty-five years and thank God for guidance in these times of peril.

Together we pray that they may live to have sons who may be spared the perils of another war.

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SAM BRANNAN

(Continued from page 139)

for the worst, he was astonished and ashamed by their show of composure in the face of danger. Then, when death and a watery grave seemed most imminent, the wind suddenly shifted, and gradually died to sailing breeze. The mighty swells and dashing seas, which for days had threatened to broach the ship, slowly died to a gentle chop. The long-hidden sun shone again in answer to their prayers. After burying their dead in the steely waters of the Atlantic, the Saints knelt in prayerful thanksgiving for deliverance from the storm.

(To be continued)

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CHILDREN'S STORY

(Continued from page 135)

gathered in an opening near the edge of the woods, and soon was driving them down the road towards Savannah.

My Mother continued down the little stream until she stood almost on the bank of the river, and then she beckoned us. Instantly we rose from our breakfast and started toward her, and, like John, who outran the other disciple to the Sepulchre, I outran my uncle to the spot where my Mother stood. There I saw our oxen fastened to a clump of willows growing in the bottom of a deep gulch, perfectly concealed from view. We were not long in releasing them and getting back to our camp, and were soon on our way homeward bound, rejoicing.

This incident made an unforgettable impression upon my young mind, and has been a source of comfort, assurance and guidance to me throughout my life.

★

Not until you have gone through the rocky gorges, and not lost the stream; not until you have gone through the meadow, and the stream has widened and deepened until fleets could ride on its bosom; not until beyond the meadow you have come to the unfathomable ocean, and poured your treasures into its depths—not until then can you know what love is.—Henry Ward Beecher.

FRIENDSHIP ★ AMONG ★ LATTER-DAY ★ SAINTS

Through Letter Exchange

Dear President,

"I think it is about time that I wrote to thank you for all the "Stars" that I have been receiving. Yesterday, I received all of last year's issues, so I shall be busy reading for some time. As soon as I get to a Post Office I will send you a money order to help defray the expenses. The "Star" is very welcome to the members of the Forces, the articles very timely and right to the point. I think that the Pen Friendship page is a very beneficial one. and will well repay you for any extra work you may have to do in keeping it going. The "Star" is one means I have of keeping contact with the Church, and also I hear from it of my Canadian friends whom I have not seen for some years.

Keep the good work going, and may God bless you and your family.

Your brother and friend,"

LESTER CARD, M.E.F.

(of Cardston, Alberta).

Here is a list of our members who wish to share their friendship with other members of the Church:—

478193 D. Allison (W.A.A.F.).
Ruby Mathews (A.T.S.).
Yvonne Skelcher (W.A.A.F.).
A. E. Evans (W.R.N.S.).
437243 Beatrice Howells (W.A.A.F.).
Willetta Falconer (A.T.S.).
W.182874 Pte. E. Beverley (A.T.S.).
436457 Pte. Violet Price (W.A.A.F.).
Cpl. E. W. Bond (W.A.A.F.).
Dr. Eliz. A. Dornan (A.T.S.).
89367 Cpl. Dannett R. (W.A.A.F.).
W.107946 Pte. Sidall (A.T.S.).
Marion S. Cook (U.S.).
Lt. W. B. Doxey (U.S.).
Duane Turner (U.S.).
Robert W. Currie (India).
909066 Cp. E. W. Hawkes (M.E.F.).
1489677 A. C. Nurdin.
L.A.C. Morris 552930.
1286216 Dr. A. Lee.
1091737 A.C.1 Wood C.
JX 209360 A. B. J. G. Musgrove.
433374 A.C.W.1 Short W. (R.A.F.).
Sgt. G. Warren (R.A.F.).

WRITE TO THEM—THEY WILL WRITE TO YOU

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TO HAVE FRIENDS IS TO BE LIKED, TO ENJOY POPULARITY AND SHARE MUTUAL FRIENDSHIP, PARTICULARLY AMONG LATTER-DAY SAINTS. —A. K. A.

District Activities

Birmingham

Report of Birmingham District Priesthood Convocation held January 30th and 31st, in the Handsworth Chapel, Birmingham.

Mission President Andre K. Anastasiou was present at all sessions. The first session commenced at 4 p.m. on Saturday, January 30th. Branch and District problems were discussed and advice given. President Anastasiou then questioned the priesthood as to scriptural references concerning the Divinity of the Church and its teachings. There were twenty-nine members of the Priesthood present.

The second session commenced at 7 p.m. after a wholesome tea prepared by Sisters B. Horner, C. Rees and H. Jevons. President Norman Dunn, reporting on the condition of District, voiced his pleasure at the progress made under local leadership, and thanked all who had made this possible. One new branch had been opened at Kingstanding.

President Anastasiou, speaking on the subject "I am my brother's keeper," counselled the brethren to use every effort to bring back the delinquent members into the Church. Twenty-eight priesthood members were present.

The first Sunday session commenced at 10 a.m., when the priesthood had under discussion a wide range of subjects, including "The Godhead," "Fasting and Prayer," Missionary Fund, etc. Instruction was given on Ordinations, Administrations and Authority by the Mission President. At this session there were thirty-two priesthood in attendance.

In the 1.30 Session, President Anastasiou presented the names of Elders Norman Dunn, Melvin Dunn and E. John S. Jones for approval as the new Y.M.M.I.A. Presidency respectively. This was unanimously approved.

District President Norman Dunn, in placing the name of Elder George E. Hunter before the brethren for release from the District Presidency, paid tribute to his past labours. The proposal that Elders William St. John Yates and William L. Gittins be sustained as first and second counsellors respectively in the District Presidency was unanimously approved.

The Y.M.M.I.A. presidency and the new District counsellors were set apart, and Brothers Walter Green, Edward Garradley-Armstrong, George Craig, Basil Heber Dunn and Barry Nightingale were advanced in the priesthood. There were thirty-seven present at this session.

The 8.30 p.m. session, held jointly with the Handsworth Branch Sacrament Service, was conducted by Branch President George R. Grundy. After the administration of sacrament, brethren who had previously been unable to bear their testimonies were given the opportunity. President Anastasiou then presented the names of Sisters Edith G. Rees, Augusta M. Edwards and Lois Collins to be sustained as Y.W.M.I.A. President and Counsellors respectively. They were unanimously approved and accordingly set apart.

Sheffield

On January 24th, 1943, Doncaster Branch M.I.A. was re-organised as follows: Frank Smith, President, Dora Smith, First Counsellor, Edward Miller, Second Counsellor, and as Secretary-Treasurer, Mollie Smith.

Scottish

On January 23rd a "Burns' Nicht" was held in the Airdrie Branch Hall. Brother T. M. Graham proposed the toast, and Branch President James Martin gave an address on "Scotland's National Bard." Songs, recitations and anecdotes of Robert Burns made a very enjoyable evening. Music was provided by Bro. R. Martin with his accordion.

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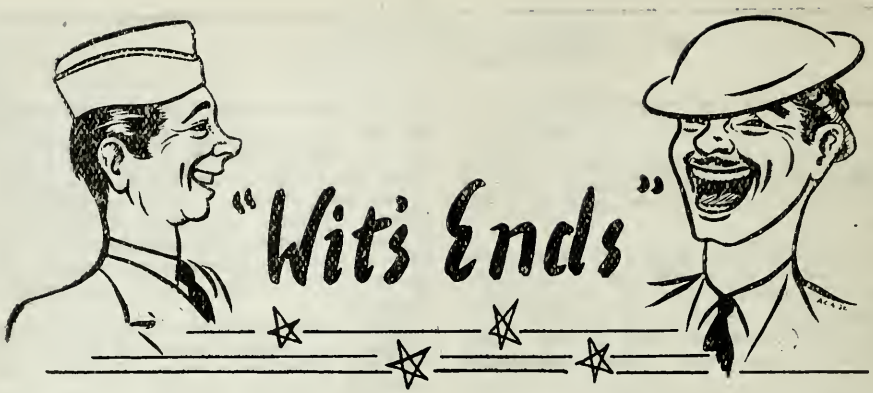
Missionary Movements

TRANSFER

Elder Ralph S. Mount was transferred from the Mission Office to the Hull District on February 19th, 1943.

APPOINTMENT

Elder Norman Derrick Hawkes was appointed Manager of the "Star" Circulation Department and the Bookstore on February 19th, 1943.



HE KNOWS

Bill: "Does your uncle carry life insurance?"

Jim: "No, he just carries fire insurance. He knows where he's going."

SCOTCH LUCK

A Doughboy was trying to find his relatives in Scotland to spend Christmas with them. Snow had fallen, and he was struggling along a narrow road when he met a Highlander.

"I guess, friend, I sure am lost!" he said, plaintively.

Scot: "Is there a reward oot for ye?"

American: "Nope."

Scot: "Weel, ye're still lost."

ROONEY'S RUIN

Private Rooney was called before the lieutenant. "Rooney," said the officer, "take my horse down and have him shod."

Three hours later the lieutenant was beginning to get impatient. He called for Rooney again.

"Look here, Rooney," he said, "where's that horse I told you to have shod?"

"Omigosh!' 'gasped Rooney, "did you say shod?"

ALL'S FAIR

First Girl: "Oh, Jack is so romantic! Poetic, too. When he speaks to me, he always calls me 'Fair Lady'."

Second Girl: "Simply force of habit, dear. Jack's a tram conductor."

TRYING TIME

Hubby (at silver wedding): "Well, dear, the years have flitted by, and I haven't deceived you yet, have I?"

"Wife: "No, John, but goodness knows you've tried hard enough."

YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED

Teacher: "Yes, Johnny, what is it?"

Johnny: "I don't want to scare you, but papa said if I didn't get better marks someone is due for a licking."

EPITAPH

Here lies an Atheist—All Dressed up and no Place to Go!

GOOD FOR DEFENCE

British Maiden: "He wears my photo over his heart, and it stopped a bullet while he fought in Crete."

Second British Maiden: "I'm not surprised, dearie. It would stop anything."

A GOOD SPEECH

In case you're thinking of making a speech, here's a good formula:

Have a good beginning and a good ending, and keep them as close together as possible.

GIVE HIM TIME

Mrs. Wimpus: "The new couple next door seem very devoted. He kisses her every time they meet. Why don't you do that?"

Wimpus: "I don't know her well enough yet."

IN THE SHADOW

Father: "I'm surprised that you should become infatuated with that girl. Why, you should have been able to read her like a book."

Son: "Well, you see, Dad, the light was rather low."

CORRECT

Teacher: "Did your father help you with this problem?"

Junior: "No, I got it wrong myself."

LATTER-DAY SAINT MEETING PLACES IN BRITAIN

Aberdeen:
Room 26,
17. St. Nicholas Street.

Accrington:
L. D. S. Hall,
Over 9, Church St.

Airdrie:
L. D. S. Hall,
136, Graham Street,
Airdrie, Scotland.

Aldershot:
19, Edward Street.

Barnsley:
Arcade Buildings.

Batley:
L. D. S. Hall,
Well Lane.

Belfast:
122, North Street.

Blackburn:
Heaton Chambers,
4, Heaton Street.

Bradford:
L. D. S. Chapel,
Woodlands Street.

Brighton:
77, Grand Parade
(first door).

Bristol:
L. D. S. Hall,
Zion Road,
off Clarence Road.

Burnley:
L. D. S. Chapel,
1, Liverpool Road,
Rosegrove.

Bury:
L. D. S. Chapel,
15, Broad Street.

Clayton:
L. D. S. Hall,
Gordon Street.

Derby:
Unity Hall.

Doncaster:
L. D. S. Hall,
Trafford Street.

Dublin:
L. D. S. Hall,
8, Merrion Row.

Eastwood:
Library, Church St.

Edinburgh:
Enquire
48, London Street.

Gainsborough:
L. D. S. Hall,
4b. Silver Street.

Gateshead:
Westfield Hall,
Westfield Terrace.

Glasgow:
Masonic Hall,
30, Abbotsford Pl..C.5.

Gravesend:
142, Parrock Street.

Grimsby:
Thrift Hall,
Pasture Street.

Halifax:
38, Clare Road,
off Horton Street.

Handsworth:
L. D. S. Chapel.

Hanham:
Co-Operative Hall,
High Street,
Kingswood,
nr. Bristol.

Hanley:
First Floor,
14, Percy Street.

Hucknall:
Byron Buildings.

Hull:
L. D. S. Chapel,
Wellington Lane.

Hyde:
L. D. S. Hall,
29, Beeley Street.

Kidderminster:
L. D. S. Chapel,
Park Street.

Kingstanding:
Peckham Rd. Schools.

Leeds:
L. D. S. Hall,
5, King Charles St.

Leicester:
All Saints' Open,
Great Central Street.

Letchworth:
Vasanta Hall,
Gernon Walk.

Liverpool:
L. D. S. Chapel,
301, Edge Lane.

London:
L. D. S. Chapel,
59 Clissold Rd., N.16.
L.D.S. Chapel
149, Nightingale Lane,
S.W.12.
61, Gareth Grove,
Bromley, Kent.
58, Wellesley Road,
Gunnersbury, W.4.

Loughborough:
Adult School.

Lowestoft:
L. D. S. Hall,
20, Clapham Road.

Luton:
L.D.S. Hall,
Dallow Road.

Mansfield:
39a, Albert Street.

Manchester:
L. D. S. Hall,
88, Clarendon Road.
C. on M.

Merthyr Tydfil:
L. D. S. Chapel,
Penyard Road.

Middlesbrough:
L. D. S. Hall,
21, Bottomly Street.

Nelson:
L. D. S. Hall,
10, Hibson Road.

Northampton:
L. D. S. Chapel,
89, St. Michael's Road.

Nottingham:
L. D. S. Hall,
8, Southwell Road.

Norwich:
L. D. S. Chapel,
60, Park Lane.

Nuneaton:
Masonic Hall,
Newdegate Street.

Oldham:
L. D. S. Hall,
Neville Street.

Plymouth:
77, Cobourg Street.

Pontllanfraith:
Enquire:
81, Brynteg Street.

Preston, Lancs.:
L. D. S. Hall,
44, Avenham Street.

Pudsey;
Home Branch,
8, Fern Terrace,
Thorpe Road.

Rawmarsh:
L. D. S. Hall,
Main Street.

Rochdale:
L. D. S. Chapel,
Lower Sheriff Street.

Sheffield:
L. D. S. Chapel,
Lyons Road.

Shildon:
L. D. S. Hall,
100, Main Street.

South Shields:
L. D. S. Hall,
36, Fowler Street.

Sparkbrook:
Conway Rd. Schools.

Wolverhampton:
Washington Bldgs.,
Queen Street.

St. Albans:
49, Spencer Street.

Stroud:
Harley Wood,
Nailsworth.

Sunderland:
L. D. S. Chapel,
18, Tunstall Road.

Varteg:
Memorial Hall.

West Hartlepool:
L. D. S. Chapel,
7, Osborne Road.

Weston-super-Mare:
23, Chesham Rd., N.

Wigan:
6, Standishgate.

Gt. Yarmouth:
Home Branch,
56, Wolseley Road.

What Others Say

About The "Mormons"

Fourth Decade: 1860-1870

SIR RICHARD F. BURTON—Traveller, Explorer and Author.

"The Mormons have been represented, and are generally believed to be, an intolerant race; I found the reverse nearer the fact. . . . And I hope to make it appear that the highly coloured social peculiarities of the New Faith (Mormonism) have been used as a tool by designing men to raise up enmity against a peaceful, industrious and law-abiding people, whose whole history has been a course of cruel persecution, which if man really believed in his own improvement would be a disgrace to a self-styled enlightened age." (The City of the Saints, pages 203, 214.)

WILLIAM HEPWORTH DIXON—Author and Traveller.

"They live and thrive, and men who live by their own labours, thrive by their own enterprise, cannot be altogether mad. Their streets are clean, their houses bright, their gardens fruitful. Peace reigns in their cities. Harlots and drunkards are unknown among them. They keep open more common schools than any other sect in the United States." (The New America, Vol. I, page 171.)

DANIEL S. TUTTLE—Bishop of the Episcopal Protestant Church, who became the Presiding Bishop of the Church in America.

"In 1867, immediately after the Civil War, I was sent by the Episcopal Church as missionary to the Mormons in the State of Utah. I can say without exaggeration that the Mormons are among the heartiest and best people in America, and are known in the West as kind-hearted and pleasing in manners. . . .

"I know them (the Mormons) to be honest, faithful, prayerful workers, and earnest in their faith that Heaven will bless the Church of the Latter-day Saints. Another strong and admirable feature in the Mormon religion is the tenacious and efficient organisation. They follow with the greatest care all the forms of the old Church." (New York Sun.)

The Ludo Press, 373 Earlsfield Road, London, S.W.18.